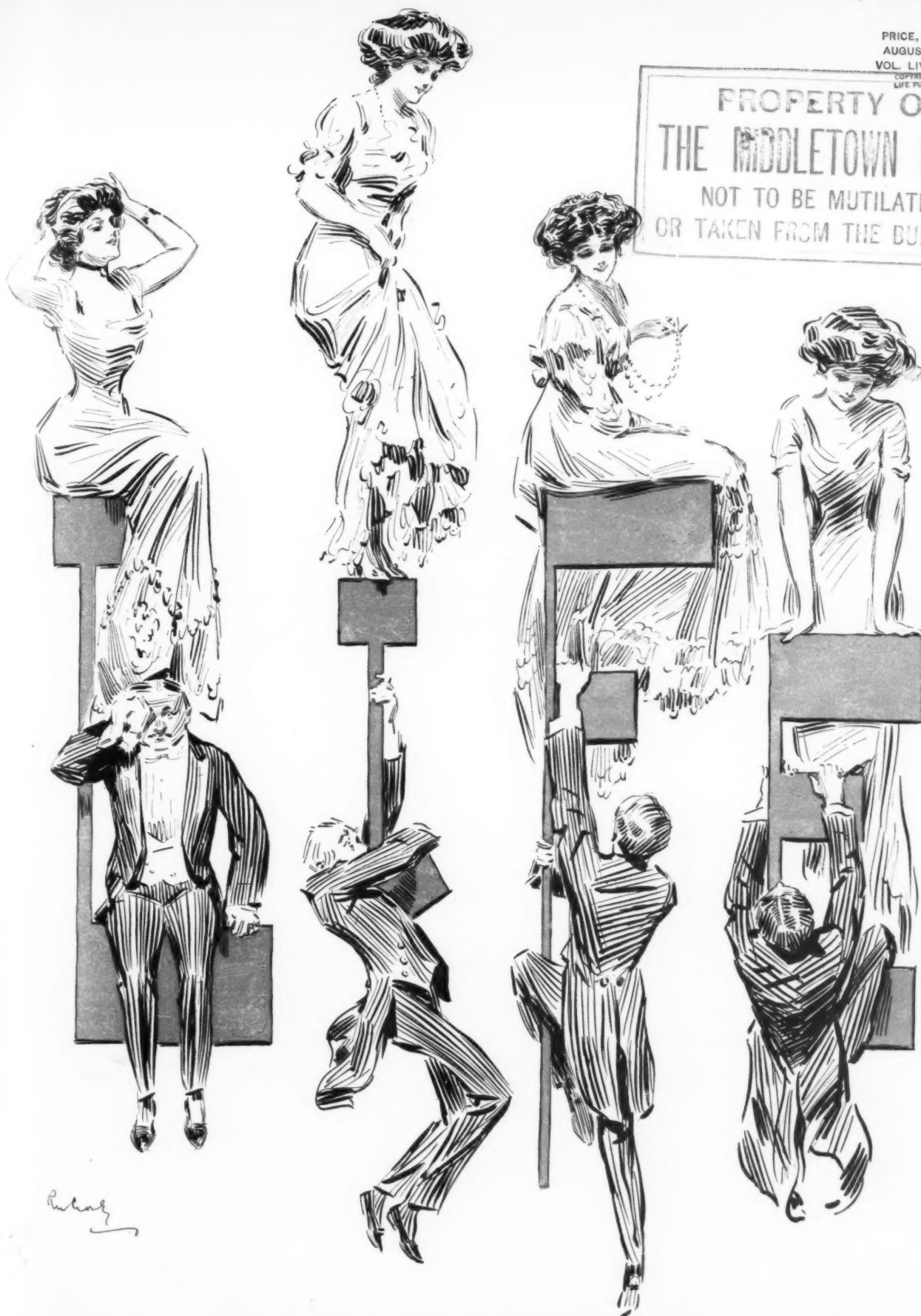


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AUGUST 26, 1909  
VOL. LIV, NO. 1400  
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LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

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THE MIDDLETOWN CLUB.  
NOT TO BE MUTILATED,  
OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING.



*R. Long*

# In Touch With His World



The railroad president to-day spends the greater portion of the summer at his country home renewing his energy. He keeps in touch with his railroad system over the telephone.

He may be one hundred miles or more away from headquarters, yet *his office* and the *principal business centers* of the country are *within talking distance*.

He is notified immediately when anything important occurs; his advice and direction are asked and given *over the telephone*; the machinery of the road goes on.

Each day, at the noon hour or in the early morning or late afternoon, he conducts his business over the long distance line.

**Long Distance Bell Service is universal in two ways—in its extension to all localities and in its application to all human activities. Whatever your interests, it will advance them economically, certainly, constantly.**

**The American Telephone and Telegraph Company  
And Associated Companies**

**One Policy, One System, Universal Service**

## An Aquatic Lion

There was a circus in a Mississippi River town, and a drummer, who was in a town four miles farther down the river wanted to get to it. The steamboat had left and there was no rig to be had. The drummer went to the river and found a negro sitting in a skiff.

"That your boat?" he asked the negro.

"Yassir."

"Want to rent it?"

"Yassir."

"How much for the afternoon? I want to go up to the circus."

"'Bout foah bits, boss."

"All right. Can you row?"

"What's dat?"

"Can you row?"

*He is in touch with his world.*

Through the day he has been renewing his energy—sailing, driving, or playing golf—making himself *more fit for the busier season* and able at all times to handle a larger system and a larger volume of business than the railroad president of two decades ago.

This is simply an illustration which applies to every busy man, whether he be railroad president, merchant, manufacturer or professional man.

It shows the importance of universal service, which is the constant aim of the Associated Bell Companies—of *one system*, extending to every nook and corner of the United States, keeping *all localities* within speaking distance of one another.

"Well, dodgast you, get in the stern there! You can do that, can't you?"

"Yassir."

The drummer took the oars, and after he had rowed about two miles against the current was tuckered out.

He threw down the oars and said: "I can't pull this boat another inch. I don't care if I never get to that circus. You're a fine boatman not to be able to row."

The negro looked at the drummer with quickening intelligence. "Does you mean you wanted me to pull dem oars, boss?"

"Sure, I do. I asked you if you could row and you said you couldn't."

"'Deed, boss," said the negro, "I thought you done ast me could I roah—roah laik a lion."

## The Literary Zoo

### Magazines in the Making

"Most people," says *Harper's* press sheet, protestingly, "imagine that the entire work of the editor of a great monthly magazine is to sit in the seclusion of his office and critically examine the manuscripts of literary aspirants."

How silly people are, to be sure! In the first place—as Mr. Howells himself, from the depths of the Easy Chair, pointed out, long, long ago—the "literary aspirant" is of a questionable shape, and has scarcely the ghost of a show. We dare not trust to memory to recall all the reasons Mr. Howells gave to make it clear that such was the state of things; but they impressed us at the time as altogether sufficient and conclusive, as they were, indeed, destructive of our personal intentions and hopes. Even as we write, one of these dead hopes—duly and deeply interred, so it had seemed—arises from the void as a mental vision extenuated by the eye, and assuming the appearance of an idolon, perched on the Contributor's Anxious Seat (a little below the stuffed lion in the Zoo), just as if it had not received decent editorial burial. We can only ignore its pertinacity and pass on.

\*\*\*

That the editor's friendly warning did not forever deter us from attempts to scale the heights rests obviously on our own head—lack of it. But this path we need not explore, having, indeed, digressed beyond the liberal boundary of our appointed plot, with only the shadow of an excuse—that an idolon obstructed our advance. It was our tongue to say that though the Easy Chair's informing dissertation did not in its entirety abide with us, yet we could not have read and forgotten the most embracing reason of them all—namely, that the editor of a great monthly magazine seldom buys the profferings of the volunteer contributor because the magazine is planned, months ahead, to contain certain articles and stories, ordered specially, in conformity with a general or a particular scheme or policy. It further transpired that in matters of pure literature—such as the essay—the aspirant's command of literary style, or the capacity for illumining a theme, is an accident so rare that it may scarcely be said ever to eventuate.

\*\*\*

We venture, deferentially and with diffidence to deduce from these inner disclosures of expert testimony a conclusion that adumbrates, with a discreet obscurity, the depressing crudeness of that outspoken popular judgment which Crassly opines, that volunteer manuscripts are not read. Yet, being unskilled in feats of balancing, our very English becomes nervous in this our perilous performance of fence-walking—feeling, as we do, that, after all, a fall on whichever side is none the less a fall. The mental load which we are endeavoring to deliver with due caution is our reconciliation of the Easy Chair's avowal—or inference, if you will—with the reiterated editorial disclaimers of its truth as a general proposition. If we may be permitted for a moment to descend from our unaccustomed attitude on the fence, we think we can restore confidence to the spectators. On the whole we prefer the Anxious Seat, from whose uncushioned insecurity we would argue that while we have indubitable evidence (from certain pencilings and

(Continued on page 259)

**ENGLISH TOURS  
By AUTOMOBIL**

PRIVATE CARS. GO WHERE YOU PLEASE.

Illustrated booklet free by post.

**MOTOR TOURING COMPANY,**



A SPARKING PLUG

(Continued from page 258)

## The Literary Zoo

creasings) that our manuscripts are examined, yet it cannot be denied that the imposing of such a task on a magazine whose plan, no less than its plane, precludes the volunteer's offering is a superfluous imposition.

\* \* \*

It seems possible that the prevailing error of imagination referred to in our opening paragraph is not wholly unrelated to those "constant inquiries" by would-be contributors (*vide* Rejection Slip) with which the house of Harper is beset. It is an error that invites only the gentlest rebuke, since it appears to rest on a logical process connecting the avowed editorial desire for "everything of interest to cultivated American readers" with responsive outpourings not in any sense lacking merit, but simply—(ah! you can finish this sentence yourself?).

Our own imagination of a magazine editor's duties is tempered by a careful observation of many magazines. The technical difficulties of the make-up must alone require as much time and thought as can be devoted to the critical examination of manuscripts. As it is seemingly impossible to "cut down" a sonnet (though we have seen the thing done with some success by the foreman of a newspaper composing room), the serial story must be made to break as best it may with the aid of some more plastic filler. The old device: "At this moment the rifle of the scout— (*To be continued in our next*)" is obsolete and improper to literature. It also devolves upon the editor to see that the underlines for the illustrations in some measure correspond, and to insist that the artist shall not altogether shirk the perusal of the story he would picture. Again, from a pathetic collection of letters in our possession, we know that much of the editor's time is spent in a severe mental struggle against accepting that which appeals to him personally, but which he feels is much too good for his readers.

## Sterling Tires

There isn't any known way of building stronger tires than Sterlings. Each layer of rubber and fabric has special care and special treatment. Each tire has from eight to twelve inspections before it leaves us, and is guaranteed factory perfect. You never have and never will hear of a Sterling "second." All Sterlings are "firsts"—first in war, first in peace and rapidly becoming first in the hearts of all car-owners.

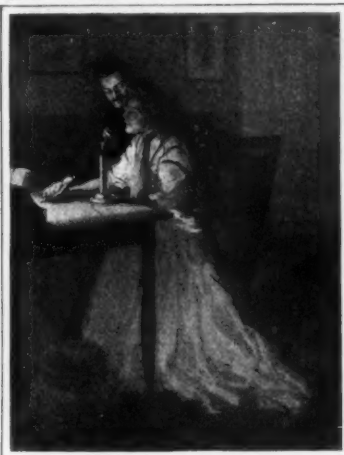
## Sterling Blue Tubes

The only blue tube. Blue for a reason. "Ask us why." Tell us what tires you use and where you buy them, and we'll tell you how to get a Sterling Blue Tube—FREE.

RUTHERFORD RUBBER CO., Rutherford, N. J.

## Do You Ever Go Home?

Copyright 1908 by Life Pub. Co.



"I'm awful busy just now, Jack. Couldn't you make it some other night?"  
Photogravure, 13½ x 16 in. 50 cents.

Copyright 1908 by Life Pub. Co.



FOUND  
India Print, 18 x 22 in. \$2.00

Then beautify your home with cheerful things. On receipt of twenty-five cents we will send you our little book, the new pocket edition of *LIFE'S PRINTS* containing 160 reproductions of these most artistic and pleasure-giving pictures.



ARMS AND THE MAN  
Facsimile in Color, 11 x 14 in. \$1.00



160 Pictures  
for 25 Cents



LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31st Street, NEW YORK

Some day, perhaps, he will find the time to invent a more plausible excuse than that of his "present needs"—a truly preposterous paradox when you consider that, with some few exceptions related to the journalistic tendency, an accepted poem or article is commonly postponed in the printing until it has become a dim memory in the busy writer's mind.

W. T. Larned.

### Practical Literature.

The fears entertained by many thoughtful parents that a college education may prove of no practical value to their sons are in a fair way to be dispelled. Reports from various seats of learning go to show that old-fashioned ideas respecting the frills of ornamental knowledge are rapidly giving way to modern notions. Over in conservative England they still cling to the clas-

sics, and many young Englishmen are still able to understand and appreciate the languages spoken by the accomplished heroes in the novels of Lord Lytton. In our own country none but druggists and physicians and Catholic priests have any real use for Latin, and the tongue of Plato is affected only by a few professors and the students who take part in the Greek plays. When a thing is of no practical use it has lost its hold on the American mind; and it is not surprising that Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, would give the dead languages a decent burial and lay their ghosts beyond the possibility of resurrection.

\* \* \*

On the heels of Dr. Hall's declaration comes  
(Continued on page 260)





## MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

### When Choosing Your Tires, Remember This—

Thousands of dollars in tire bills and numberless hours of vexatious delays are annually saved the host of motorists who use Morgan & Wright tires by this peculiar advantage which they possess—

**They are built with nearly 70% more strength than they are likely to require in service.**

We have a big testing car which is used for nothing else but to try out our tires under actual road conditions.

A trial tire is placed on a rear wheel of this car, where the greatest wear and strain naturally comes, and inflated to its proper riding pressure.

The car is then run day after day, rain or shine, not less than 100 miles a day over the various roads and pavements, good or bad, in and around Detroit, the result being carefully tabulated.

Thus we determine the strength of material that is actually required to endure real, every-day, everywhere road service.

To this we add in making our tires 70% to amply provide for every possible contingency which could arise during their service life.

**In view of this, do you wonder at the extreme rarity of blisters, blow-outs and broken fabric threads in**

## MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES

This 70% "factor of safety," as the civil engineer would call it, is a big expense to us, but it is money in the pocket of the motorist. Our return comes in the constantly increasing sale of our tires. (We have just made a 25% addition to our plant.)

To the nine motorists out of ten who never require this reserve strength for extra severe service, it is returned ten fold in increased mileage.

It is this ability of Morgan & Wright tires to save the motorist real money on his yearly maintenance bills that has placed them on a plane above other tires—that has given them a world-wide reputation, forcibly expressed in that well-known phrase—

**MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES  
ARE GOOD TIRES**

**A Morgan & Wright tire with the 70% extra insurance against trouble which each one carries will cost you no more than you are asked to pay for other brands. Dealers everywhere sell them.**

**Morgan & Wright, - - Detroit**

### The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 259)

the announcement that advertising is being recognized as a suitable study for the young men at Swarthmore College. This is as it should be.

**Spilman Mixture**  
SMOKING TOBACCO

WITHOUT A BITE OR A REGRET.

**The best blend of the world's finest tobaccos.**

1½ oz. 40 cts; 3½ oz. 75c; ¼ lb. \$1.05; 1 lb. \$3.30. If not at your dealers will send prepaid upon receipt of price. Sent FREE—Booklet "How to Smoke a Pipe." Write today.  
E. HOFFMAN COMPANY, MFRS., 179 Madison St., Chicago.

Against the student who has a smattering of Homer we would cheerfully back in the game of life the scholar who has mastered "The Theory of Advertising" and is looking around for a dead wall to put it in practice. We have taken especial cognizance of this course at Swarthmore because of its intimate relation to literature, of which advertising is the handmaiden. "Look into your heart and advertise" is an injunction no author can afford to disregard. He may not have to do the bill-posting himself, but it is imperative that he have a sufficient acquaintance with the art to select a publisher who is an expert in "display" announcements.

Another cheerful sign of the times is the tendency to replace the dry-as-dust text book with a work of imagination—something that one may

## AROUND THE WORLD

COOK'S 38th Annual Series of

## TOURS de LUXE

Cover varied routes, including

JAPAN, NORTH CHINA, SOUTH CHINA, JAVA, KOREA, MANCHURIA, MANILA, BURMA, CEYLON, SIAM, INDIA, EGYPT.

Highest class travel, best hotels, limited small parties, complete sightseeing, advance arrangements made by our own Oriental offices. Long experience makes our service finest possible. Tours leave San Francisco, Sept. 11, Oct. 4, Oct. 20; eastbound, leave New York Nov. 6, 27, Dec. 9, and Jan. 5. Get programmes from

**THOS. COOK & SON** 245 Broadway  
NEW YORK  
Or our 146 offices throughout the world

master at a sitting, without fatigue. The beginnings of this movement may be traced to the revolution in historical methods, whereby Michelet—the Upton Sinclair of French history—lent the glamour and the animation of a "best seller" to his account of the Middle Ages. History at once took its place on a literary level with romance, and justified the opinion of the learned Villemain that Sir Walter Scott had Plutarch "beaten to a pulp." Gibbon will answer, at a pinch, if you want to read about Rome, but who would not cheerfully trade the "Decline and Fall" for a copy of Marion Crawford's "Ave Roma Immortalis"? Evolution and theology have been popularized by John Fiske; Prof. William James, pragmatist, has superseded Kant and Hegel in the nurseries and kindergartens of Boston; and now the complete works of Jack London are dislodging many of the technical treatises in the schools. Sociology—the foremost science of the day—cannot easily be acquired without a perusal of "The Road" and "The People of the Abyss"; both these books have taken their place in college courses. "Before Adam" is part of the "required reading" in Professor Keller's course in anthropology in Yale, while Stanley Waterloo's "Story of Ab" is being considered as a useful primer for the preparatory department. "In 'The Iron Heel,'" remarks one of the most noted sociologists of America, "Mr. London's analysis of the social situation is essentially scientific." Finally, as evidence of the general reader's avidity and catholic taste in the pursuit of serious literature, we note with interest that the three works (non-fiction) most in request at the New York public libraries are Ibsen's plays, Shaw's plays, and Wentworth's Geometry.

Oh, would we were a boy again! Any grammarian objecting to that locution is hereby referred to Professor Lounsbury. W. T. Larned.

### Not a Bird to Imitate

Much has been said of the modesty and reticence of the Wright brothers of aeroplane fame. That they are able to give a clever reason for their reserve is indicated by this story, told by Maximilian Foster in *Outing*:

"You see," said the financial agent of the two Dayton sky-fliers, "the Wrights are what you might call too shy and too modest. I said so once to Wilbur, and do you know what he answered?"

Mr. Flint paused long enough to chuckle.

"Wilbur said to me, 'Mr. Flint, the best talker and the worst flier among the birds is the parrot.'"—*Youth's Companion*.

## PILSENER

**"Oh Be Jolly"**

The best ale because brewed from the best ingredients and by the best processes. A full flavored, full bodied ale, as delicious to the taste as it is satisfying to the most exacting requirements. The ideal ale for family use. Try it.

At leading Hotels, Restaurants and Cafes

**A. G. VAN NOSTRAND,** Bunker Hill Breweries  
Boston, Mass.



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# LIFE



Geo. W. Barratt

## "WISH I WAS SURE LOVE WAS BLIND"

### A Plea for the Good Old Heroine

WHERE is the pretty girl heroine gone to? Alas, she is no more! Now no respectable writer dares to make his heroine a beauty. Instead of this, she always has some peculiarity that makes an individual of her, but robs her of sentiment. She is "scraggly," she is "pinched" in her features, she has a large and uneven smile that wanders aimlessly over her face, her nose is too large or too small, and, as for her hair, it is never even mentioned. There was a time when she had golden tresses that hung down her back, or waved in the errant breeze. There was a time when her bosom rose and fell with varying emotions, when her eyes were tender and true, and her neck was swanlike.

Will some kind gentleman author bring her back to us? We want to love her once more. We want to feel her

warm breath on our cheeks, and clasp her clinging form to ours. We want to take her taper fingers, and steal around her slender waist, kiss her ruby lips and snuggle up to the roses on her cheeks.

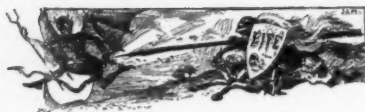
We miss her more than we can say. Wandering through the long bare stretch of the modern novel with nothing but smart sayings to interest and bad, mean women with clever minds to talk to, we are weary. O, heroine of old, come back! We will take you to our hearts. We will fight for you, nurse you to life and strength, and love you until you can't rest.

WRITTEN laws are those which man makes and doesn't enforce. Unwritten laws are those which God makes and enforces, but which man doesn't understand.

THE average tombstone is erected in haste and forgotten at leisure.



"STOP, FREDDIE, YOU'LL WEAR OUT THE SEAT OF YOUR PANTS."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIV. AUGUST 26, 1909. No. 1400

Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.  
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York



EVERY good citizen of New York State, without distinction of party, ought to wish godspeed to the effort of Edward M. Shepard, Thomas M. Osborne, Judge Parker, Judge Morgan O'Brien and others to revive and rehabilitate the Democratic party in the State of New York. These gentlemen have called a conference of 450 New York State Democrats, not holders of public office nor officers of

the Democratic State machine, to meet on September 9 at Saratoga and take thought and action to bring their party back to useful life in this State.

The call is timely. For some years past the case of the New York State Democracy has been extraordinarily depressing. Its active managers have been Tammany at one end of the State and the egregious Connors at the other. Tammany is remarkable; so is Connors. They can get on together after a fashion, but a party in which the leadership is divided between these two, with assistance or resistance, as may be, from McCarren, McCabe, Finucane and other local chiefs, is entirely without attraction for New York voters of the class of Tilden and Cleveland, or the men who have summoned their sympathizers to Saratoga.

Of course, the ruination of the Democratic party in New York has come chiefly through Bryan. The men who were fit to lead the party would not lead it Bryanwards. Inevitably the control of the organization fell to men whose chief political concern was local; who found a profit of some kind

in being local bosses, and would do anything necessary in national or State concerns if only they could keep, or strengthen, their hold on the machinery of their own cities. The consequence is that there is now no considerable Democratic organization in the State that a young voter of honorable political aspirations wants to tie up to. There is no encouragement for such youths to begin their political lives as Democrats.

In New York City, for example, there is no way of being an active Democrat except by joining Tammany Hall. Tammany has plenty to offer to the young Democrats who come to it. It rewards ability and industry in a thousand ways; the trouble is with its price. For the price of Tammany's favor and of participation in its political life is obedience to Tammany Hall. No Tammany man in office is a free agent. Whether he is in Congress, in the State Legislature, or in some municipal office, his first allegiance is to Tammany. He is not a servant of the people, but of Tammany. When Tammany wants his vote it gets it, or he must quit political life. That condition might be tolerable if Tammany stood for good government and the service of the people. But it doesn't. It stands for control of the government of the City of New York in the interest of the Tammany organization. Its profits, of course, are enormous. For a clever young man who wants to share them the way is made easy. But the price is slavery and dishonor, and for youths who have no mind to pay that price for anything there is now no opening to participation in active Democratic politics in the great City of New York.



IT is this situation, among others, that, as we understand it, the Saratoga conference is called to cure. Its business is to open a door in New York through which reasonably intelligent and public-spirited Democratic voters can get into the Democratic party. If it only opens a side door it will be better than nothing, especially if the younger voters can be induced to pass through it.

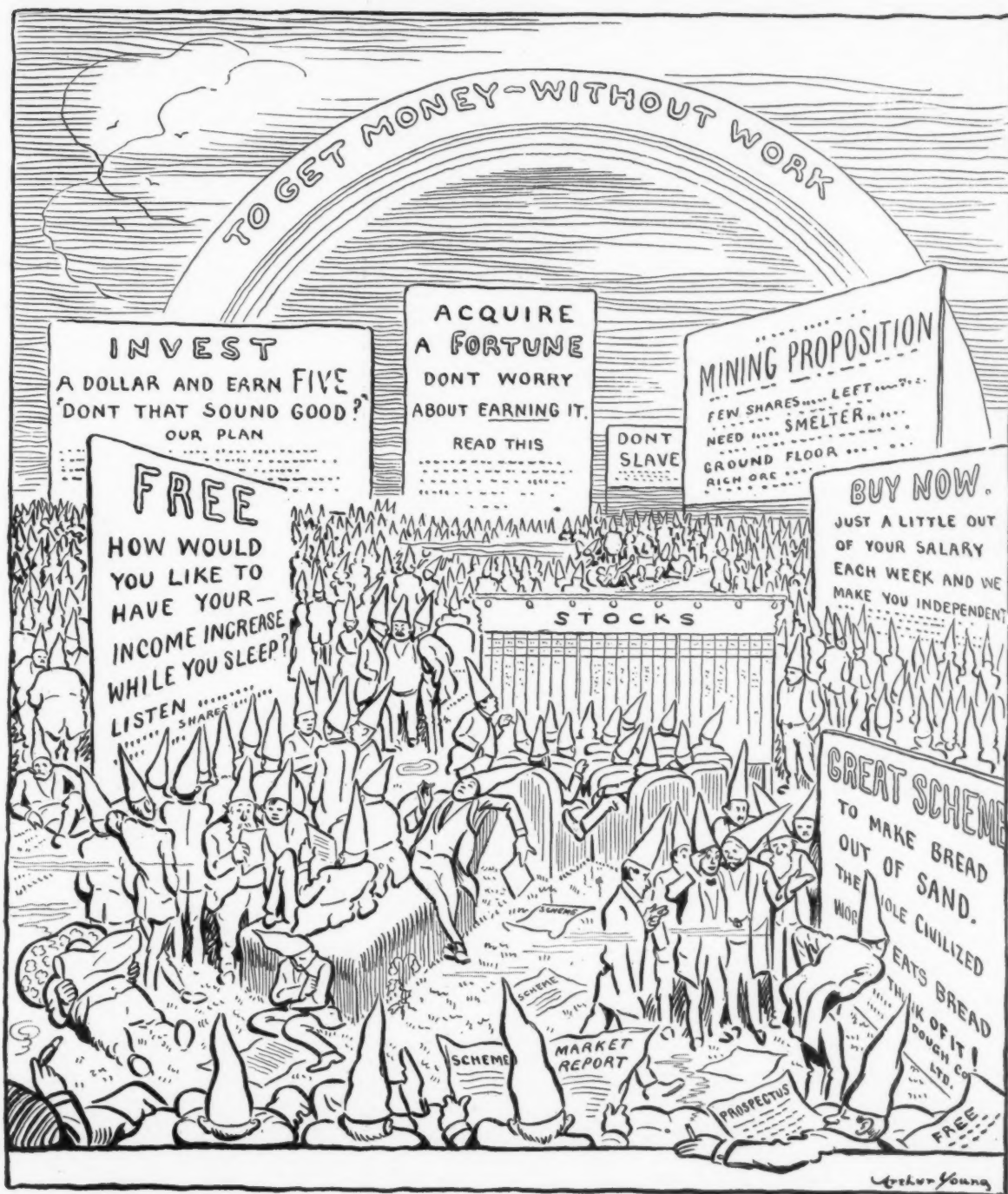
Political regeneration is more apt to come through a man than through a conference. A man with inspirations that will draw all men unto him, or else a Tilden, astute to plan and organize, is what the New York Democracy needs. The conference may be a useful step in discovering the necessary man and opening a path to him.



REPORTS from the north shore of Massachusetts represent that Mr. Taft is resting well. He takes his repose partly on the golf links, partly on the back stoop, but largely in an automobile. These are all milder methods of repose than were used by the late administration, but there is a larger physical surface and mass to be tranquillized and restored in Mr. Taft's case than in Mr. Roosevelt's, and probably the sum of daily restoration achieved by Mr. Taft in golfing, gasoline exercises and sitting around is not less, by accurate measurement, than was attained by Mr. Roosevelt.

There is no reason to believe that anything that has been said about the tariff bill has cost Mr. Taft any sleep. The grumbling about that has been directed mainly at the Republican party, Mr. Aldrich and Speaker Cannon. The two latter culprits talk of going out of the business of politics, from which, if they choose, they can both retire on handsome competences, but the Republican party will stay in the game no matter what, and will have to settle for its sins in the Congressional elections next year.

The most popular method of atonement so far suggested is to turn Uncle Joe out of the Speakership, which is good as far as it goes, and likely to be done. Uncle Joe used to represent average American sentiment pretty well, but that was several years ago, when we were a much more sinful people than we are now. Uncle Joe, being too old and set to receive full benefit from the recent moral uplift, has lagged behind us in ethical progress, and ought to be dropped. He talks of moving over to the Senate after next year, and there, of course, he would find congenial bad associations.



FOOL'S PARADISE





AT LIFE'S FARM

## Our Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$5,480.81
Clarence C. Bull.....	5.00
F. S. H.....	10.00
Mrs. A. R. Wright.....	15.00
"In Memory of LIFE's Best Friend"	5.00
Mrs. D. C. Dickinson.....	5.00
Cash.....	100.00
"Proceeds of a Sale at Hewitt Lake in the Adirondacks by Jane, Ma- rion and Kate White and Cornelia and Sally Sage".....	10.00
"Because of my love for D. K. R.".....	5.00
E. J. Kehoe.....	10.00
Mrs. G. W. Lawrence.....	3.00
M. W. Lowe.....	5.00
"Proceeds of a Sale held at the Mantoloking Yacht Club, Manto-	

loking, N. J., Saturday, Aug. 7, by the Misses Lentilhon, Almy and Marion Gilford, assisted by their friends".....	170.00
H. D. Schouler.....	5.00
"Joe Brown".....	10.00
Ray, Ogden and Tod.....	25.00
K. T.....	10.00
Harrison and Raymond Dawes.....	3.00
"Camp Leafy Leaf".....	25.00
Alice Blatchford Scudder.....	2.00
D. Ryer.....	25.00
Mary P. Carlisle.....	10.00
"From the campers at Cottage Grove".....	15.00
"Sherrill".....	10.00
	\$5,963.81

## ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS.

Packages of clothing from Mrs. G. P. Ingersoll, Mrs. J. H. Shoenberger, Miss Taylor, and Mrs. Auguste Richard.

## POSTALS FROM LIFE'S FARM.

Dear Lily  
We are having a fine time here we go out looking for apples, birch, nuts, send some money  
Jennie

Dear father and mother over in the country it is nice and cull I like to give every body a cisse.

## Correct

A VISITOR at Branchville asked a group of children the other day if they knew what State they were in. They answered "Connecticut." Then he asked:

"What is the capital of Connecticut?"

A dozen voices at once responded, and with emphasis:

"LIFE's Farm!"



HE HATES A DISSEMBLER

"YOU'RE A LIAR!"

## The Mazy Path

VERY few people have time for religion. It is a profession, like everything else of importance. Who except the man who has devoted his life to it can expect properly to thread the mystic mazes of intellectualistic polytheism, transcendental anthropomorphism, monotheistic materialism, dualistic spiritualism, entitative eschatology, homiletic verbalism, interpretative theological bellicosity, modernistic get-the-moneyism, authoritative next-to-the-thronism and just plain ordinary trying to do right?

The only way is to have an absolute working knowledge of Noah Webster, and then you're wrong.

## Works of Art Are Free!

IN the new tariff bill works of art twenty years old are on the free list. That is a great significant gain for American culture; a true mark of progress in our civilization. The concession was made early in the history of the bill, public opinion supported it, and through all vicissitudes it persisted. The time seemed to have come for it. Nobody tried very hard to throw it out; people had come to know better. It is more than a quarter of a century since LIFE (in May, 1883) published a cartoon urging the abolition of the duty on works of art. It has urged it ever since, as have many other faithful servants of civilization, and at last it has come.

It is one of the bright spots in a measure that has none too many of them. It will not relieve the consumer much, nor reduce the cost of living; but it will help to increase the profit and pleasure of American life, so that even though we pay as much as ever to live we shall get a little more life for our money.

PAIN is but the by-product of pleasure.



"STOP, SIR! I ALLOW NO ONE TO SMACK MY CHILDREN."

# • LIFE •

## Tact

265

By HARRY GRAHAM



HO' endowed with all the virtues of a Daniel,  
With a nature free from blemishes or flaws;  
Tho' combining the devotion of a spaniel  
With intelligence like Mr. Bernard Shaw's;  
Tho' the noblest disposition you inherit,  
And your character with piety is pack'd,  
All such qualities have very little merit,  
Unaccompanied by Tact.

What is Tact? you may inquire—and very rightly—  
'Tis that mixture of good taste and *savoir faire*  
Which impels us to conduct ourselves politely,  
Not to gossip, not to snigger, not to stare;  
To be gay (but *not* facetious) at a wedding,  
At a fun'ral, sympathetic but discreet—  
'Tis the art, above all else, of never treading  
Upon other people's feet.

It restrains us in those more domestic quarrels—  
Which result from the reproofs we may have based—  
On the looseness of a younger brother's morals,  
Or the tightness of an elder sister's waist.  
It forbids a too inquisitive inspection  
Of the squirrel's nest which mother calls her hair,  
Or the hectic but unnatural complexion  
That Aunt Mabel loves to wear.

If a friend has got a "past" discreetly hidden,  
On this subject you must never breathe a word;  
To the tactful any mention is forbidden  
Of a scandal that is decently interred.  
For altho' his early record may be shady,  
'Tis a very awkward moment in your life  
When you state the fact at luncheon to a lady,  
And she proves to be his wife!

If a neighbor has a face like a geranium,  
It is rude of you to blink or shade your eyes;

If he balances a wig upon his cranium,  
You should view it with inaudible surprise.  
Ere you ridicule the tint of people's noses,  
Or their lamentable paucity of hair,  
Recollect how little urchins twitted Moses,  
And were eaten by a bear!\*

When residing in a house where there are lovers,  
You should don the very loudest of your suits;  
And a tactful man instinctively discovers  
The necessity for wearing squeaky boots.  
In your efforts to prevent a private scandal,  
Which a fashionable hostess might deplore,  
You should cough, and have some trouble with the handle,  
Before entering a door.

Never mind, then, how inelegant your tone is,  
Or how petty the proportions of your brain;  
Cease to envy the physique of an Adonis,  
Or the modesty and culture of a Caine.  
That your views are inconsistent and one-sided,  
And your statements imbecile and inexact,  
Doesn't matter if you only are provided  
With a large supply of Tact.

It is Tact that makes the needy cringe and grovel,  
And the rich behave like Romans when in Rome;  
It is Tact that brings contentment to the hovel,  
It is Tact that carries peace into the home.  
It is Tact—but why this "dam'd reiteration"  
Of a simple and indisputable fact,  
Since my poem needs no further illustration  
As a masterpiece of Tact!

\* Was it not Elisha?—*Editor*.  
There are no rhymes to Elisha. Please use some intelligence.—  
H. G.



THE TAIL END OF THE "BREAD LINE"

## Politics

**P**OLITICS is the art of separating one set of politicians from the public treasury and installing another set, without disturbing the *status quo* of the public.

The best thing about politics is the opportunity it affords otherwise modest, grasping and commonplace individuals to come forward and proclaim their safeness, sanity and respectability, their love of the people, their penetrating insight into public affairs, their lifelong adherence to the broad principles of liberty, justice, equity and so forth.

Hardly less important is the opportunity it affords the plain man to show how much noise he can make over a matter he doesn't understand, to exercise his prerogative by kicking out Tammany and putting in something else just as bad, to take a couple of days off from business and congratulate himself that if everybody was as patriotic as he the price of everything would be low except what he sells himself.

There is also that beautiful opportunity for the magnate, in a kindly, but firm, way, to urge everybody to do his duty, meaning to leave him and his children and his children's children in control of all those commodities which we need in daily use.

Ellis O. Jones.



MELLOWED BY EIGHTEEN YEARS IN THE WOOD



"HEY, BOYS, ROUND UP THAT FLOCK OF CLOUDS AND DRIVE 'EM OVER HASKILL'S RANCH—HE'S ORDERED RAIN FOR FIVE O'CLOCK THIS AFTERNOON."

## Cause

"I DON'T see why you are dismissing me," said his chauffeur, angrily. "Didn't I take you out in your car twice last month?"

"Yes," answered the owner, "but you wouldn't take me where I wanted to go."

**T**HE best way to break an idol is to get an introduction to it.

**I**T may be all right for a man to wear padded shoulders, if he doesn't forget and pick a quarrel with a man who was born that way.

## Delphic

**N**EAT was a Delphic utterance that the newspapers quote Mr. Harri- man as offering to certain inhabitants of Bad Gastein, who held stock in one of his railroads:

"You'd better keep it. It's all right. You will be surprised at what is going to happen."

The tip is good either way. A profit is suggested, but all that is promised is a surprise.

**O**PPORTUNITY knocks very timidly when it gets to the slums.





He used to run an elevator,  
Facetious Mr. Brown,  
He's trying now to cheer the crowd  
By yelling "going down!"

### Women Who Ride Astride

WE learn that Georgia has, just now, one of the greatest lots of busy-body legislators that have lately legislated for an American State. That is a great deal to say, for our country in these times produces wonderful law-makers in astonishing profusion. But Georgia has lately got a new governor, and the Legislature seems disposed to try crazy laws on him. One bill that has been introduced aims to settle the excess-of-sports problem in colleges by providing to revoke the charters in colleges in which sports seem to be overdone. Another bill aims to regulate or suppress soda-water fountains, and another prohibits women from riding astride.

This last matter has lately exercised the minds of other State Legislatures besides those in Georgia. It seems to scandalize the rural lawgivers that women should ride astride. Whether it is a good way is a matter of taste and fashion, but does not concern propriety and is a ludicrous subject for legislation. Men ought not to be legislating even against the divided skirt, albeit that garment on a woman who is on a horse is an atrocity that is fit to be discouraged.

If a woman is going to ride astride the proper togs for her are a pair of breeches, a pair of boots and a coat with fairly long skirts. In that costume, if

she is properly architected for the enterprise, she looks well, and if she is riding over jumps she looks safe, or more nearly safe, than a woman can look on a side saddle. If she rides astride at all it proves that she has legs, and, that much conceded, there is no sound objection either of taste or morals to letting her legs appear in boots.

But the divided skirt as a riding garment is an abomination, ugly, ridiculous, futile. If the Georgia legislators should prohibit its use we would sympathize with them, albeit with natural disapproval of their meddling with what is none of their business.

**M**ONEY is the one serious thing that seems to put everybody in good humor.

### A Graduate

"LOOK here, young man, don't you talk to me that way!" exclaims the man outside the ticket window in the station.

"Whajjasay?" growls the ticket agent.

"I say you've got to be more civil to me. I'm here to spend my money for a ticket and I demand prompt and courteous attention."

"Aw, wajjagoin' to do about it?"

"I'll do a plenty."

"Aw, wajjal now about that?"

"I know enough! I used to be a ticket agent myself—and you'll lose your job the same way I lost mine if you dor' get busy and get better."

With trembling fingers and apologetic speech the agent then waited upon the irate stranger.



Rub a dub dub,  
Three men in a tub.

## Summer Advice

WHEN to seashore or mountain the time comes to flit,  
 Be sure to take with you your flirting outfit;  
 And, for fear lest from winter's disuse it has suffered,  
 Be careful each tool is within, and well buffered.  
 It might also be well—should one be inexpert—  
 To buy "Authorized Lists of Things Needed to Flirt."  
 There are implements many, but space you will find  
 In the room, which on moving, the heart leaves behind;  
 For, of course, that should first be aired, wrapped, and  
 safe stored  
 In the cupboard where winter possessions you hoard.  
 In summer a heart's a superfluous thing  
 Like furs, or like woollens, that prickle and sting;  
 But when cold weather comes you'll be more than content  
 That your heart is not moth-eaten, pitched out, or  
 lent.

"COME down and spend the week-end with  
 me, old man. We have a grand new  
 butler."

"Doesn't he object to a lot of company?"

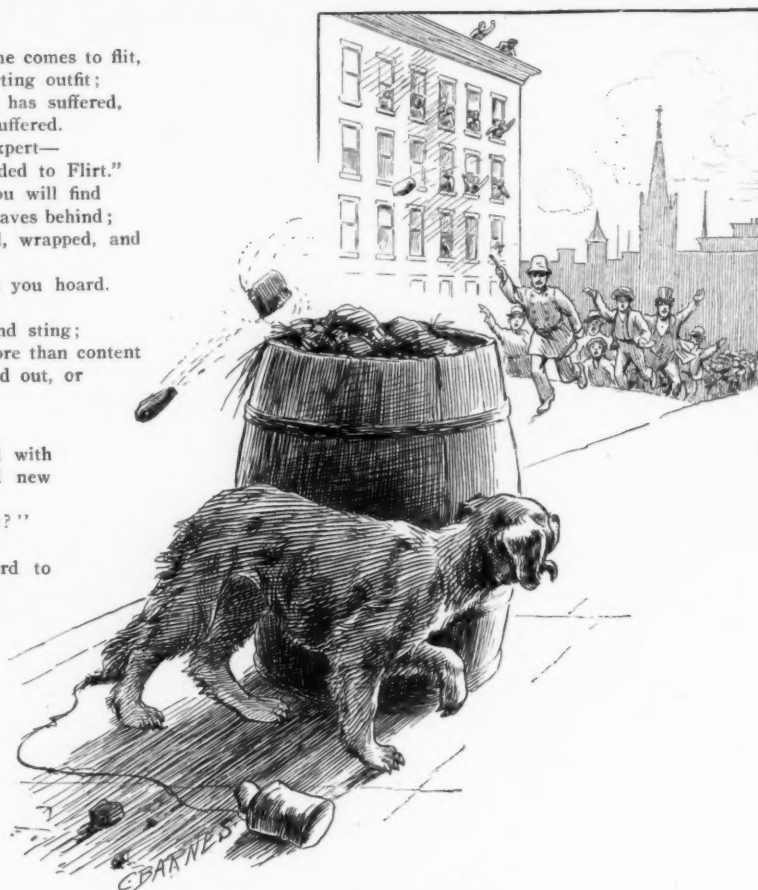
"Not if it's well selected."

"Thanks. Then I think I can't afford to  
 come."

DELUSIONS are like girls; we don't  
 care to hug them unless they are  
 attractive.



"NOW THAT'S FUNNY. I'VE ONLY BEEN  
 HERE AT THE SEASHORE TWO HOURS AND  
 I'VE GAINED FORTY POUNDS."



WHICH IS MAD?

## An Old Bore

THE two hundredth anniversary of Dr. Samuel Johnson will be celebrated in September, and trusting that we may be pardoned for anything which tends to disturb the serenity of our literary traditions, we venture, in all due humility, to assert that the said Dr. Johnson's reputation is greater than it really ought to be. He was undoubtedly the most arrogant and self-assertive old bore in the whole range of literature, and inasmuch as we are now discoursing about English literature, as distinguished from all other, this is no small thing to say of any man. He was not only rude and pompous, but he had wretched taste, was an insufferable glutton, and never wrote anything, so far as we have been able to discover, that was worth re-reading. Boswell's work about him, when rightly viewed, should be—next to Don Quixote—regarded as the greatest satire ever

penned. Every disgusting trait that the Anglo-Saxon temperament is guilty of Dr. Johnson had, and in praising them all to the skies Boswell showed himself a supreme artist in satire, capable only of being fully appreciated by those few minds who know to what extent the hypocrisies of literature can be carried.

T. L. M.

## Heavenward

BINKS (in 1910): What kind of a funeral did Howard have?

JINKS: A mile of aeroplanes.

"EVERY one of God's creatures is here for a useful purpose. Now what do we learn from the mosquito, Tom?" asked a teacher trying to evolve the word patience.

"We learn from the mosquito," answered Tom, "how easy it is to get stung."

## Harold and His Pa

YOUNG Harold was growing up to be a nice boy. He had successfully passed the knickerbocker stage, and was beginning to affect Tuxedos in the evening and to pore over his Latin declensions. He was a thoughtful boy also, and pleased his parents' hearts very much, although at times they thought him too inquisitive. They realized, however, that this came from a naturally inquiring mind and bore with him as best they could.

One day Harold said to his pa:

"Say, Pa, I've been thinking about Taft."

"You mean our worthy President?"

"Yes. I see by some of the papers that he isn't making good."

"My son, you mustn't believe all that you see in the papers. Besides, even if what you have stated in such vulgar language is true, you should remember that it is the duty of every American citizen to respect the office."

"That's only your idea, Pa. I'm not respecting offices as much as I was. Somehow the price of everything has gone up so much that I don't quite feel like it. I have to pay over thirty per cent. more for baseballs than I did a couple of years ago. There's no justice in that. Taft is a big blow, isn't he?"

"Not at all! My boy, you have an entirely erroneous idea of our worthy—"

"Now, Pop, let's get down to business. Just because you weigh over two hundred pounds yourself you are determined to stand by Taft. But why do it? Why, if you and me can come to an agreement about this whole matter, there'll be something doing."

"I fail to grasp your meaning."

"You can do it without half trying. Ain't we the country? Well, let's get busy with Taft. He needs a new backbone. Let's make him make good. All we have to do is to make a noise about it—just let everybody know that we are dissatisfied, and he'll have to stand up and assert himself."

"Just wait a moment, Harold. I will explain to your immature mind the whole situation. Listen carefully, please, as it is very important. Under Mr. Roosevelt we had a disturbing time. A—"

"You mean a knock down and drag out time. Yes, I know about that."

"Well, now the country needs rest. Prosperity is ahead. Everything is going up. All is harmony. Now you come in with your wild ideas and assert that

Mr. Taft is 'not making good.' Really, Harold, I am surprised at you."

"I get your idea, Pa. Taft is a nice old nurse, with a poultice in one hand and a hot-water bottle in the other, to say nothing of a package of dope powders up his sleeve. And your idea is that we should just lie down and let him come up, and soothe our foreheads, and swallow our lovely tariff medicine, and drowse away a bit until we begin to feel strong and well again. Not for me! There's nothing the matter with me—except Taft. I'd like to do something to him. Why doesn't he get his back up and take a fall out of the Senate? Oh, say, he makes me tired!"

"But, Harold dear, you expect too much. We are confronted by vast problems. The most acute minds of the age have failed to solve them. I—"

"Say, Pa, honest now, has old man Rockefeller solved them? I guess yes. How about Andy Carnegie, and Tommy Ryan, and Joe Cannon, and Jim Hill, and Belmont, and the rest of the bunch? Have they solved 'em? I guess yes. Don't talk to me. Now, if you will only agree with me about Taft, why—"

"My boy, you fail to understand. If—"

"Say you'll soak him one."

"I cannot. My patriotism—"

"Pa, you know what you are?"

"What, Harold?"

"You're a mollicoddle. If you weren't we'd have Taft just where we wanted him. Why, he'd be doing things."

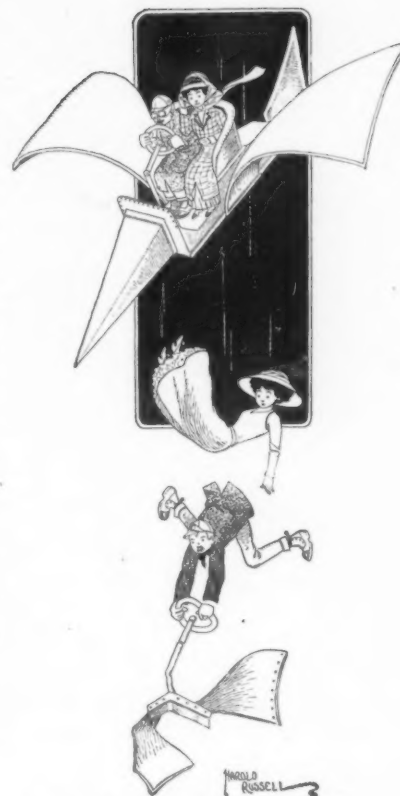
"You shock me, Harold."

"Pass it along to Taft, will you?"

And Harold, looking very much discomfited, went off to knock a few flies on the ball field and get the whole miserable business off his mind.



Here's a jolly Christian Scientist—  
Hear everybody scoff!  
A pain was in his head, but  
He simply laughed it off.



### WOMAN! EVER UNREASONABLE

Mrs. Peck: JOHN, I THOUGHT THE AGENT SAID THIS MACHINE COULDN'T BE BEAT, AND THERE ARE THOSE SNIPPY LITTLE CASHES GOING BY US AS IF WE WERE STANDING STILL.

### Why He Ran So Hard

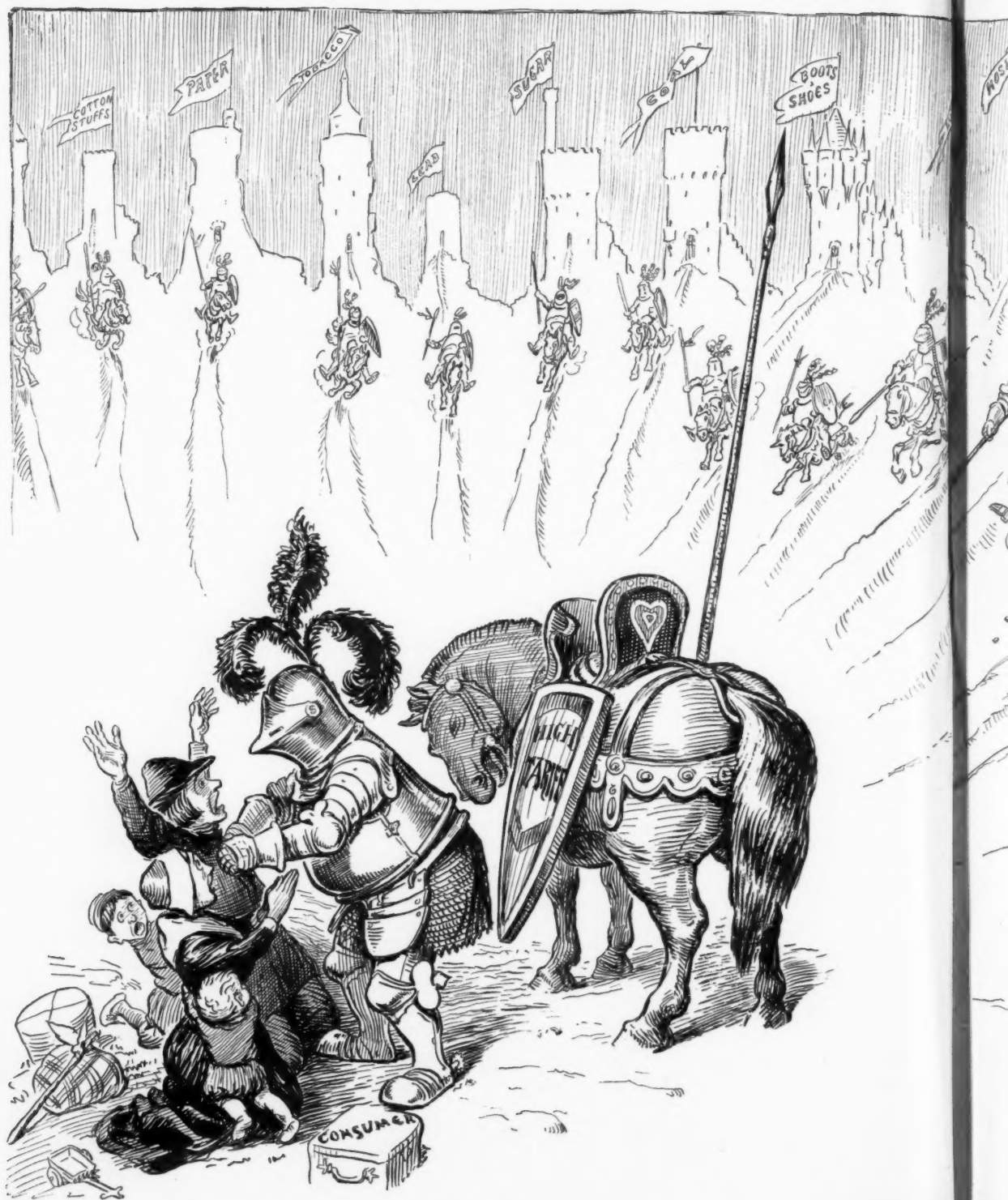
THE excited man dashes through the gates just as the train is leaving. An equally excited woman shrieks madly at him from the rear platform. He sprints for the train, but it gains headway and leaves him standing in the middle of the track, perspiring and breathless.

"Why did you run so hard, Colonel?" asks a track hand. "That's the limited. Might 'a' knowed you couldn't catch it after it started."

"I knew blamed well I couldn't catch it. I wanted to miss it, but that was my wife on the back platform and I had to put up a bluff."

WHEN a man's main claim to consideration rests on the fact that he belongs to an "old family" it is a sign that his family is too old.

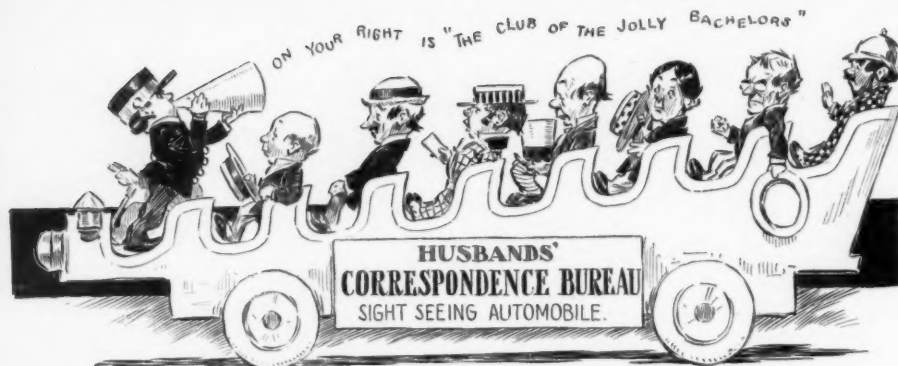




KNIGHTS OF HOLY.

LICENSE TO PUNCH





This up-to-date motor car leaves our office every hour during clear weather. Only regular customers taken.

## Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

WE have received the following communications:

Dear Sirs:

As one of your grateful clients (I now have my wife completely under my control) I write to ask why you do not establish, in connection with your admirable organization, a department called the Pre-Nuptial Branch? I am satisfied that the subjection which the majority of husbands are under is due almost entirely to the promises they are generally obliged to make before marriage. Now, if you could extend your treatment to cover the engagement period wouldn't you save a lot of trouble afterward? Please send me your "Galaxy of Beauties," and oblige,  
Yours, etc.,

C— P—

Dear Bureau:

I am a widower, having lost my third wife, and write to ask if you know of some young and handsome woman, under twenty, who wants a good home and a husband, brimming over with affection and love? I am seventy years old, in the prime of life, and have had enough experience to know just how to treat a young and trusting companion. I don't know whether this is in your line or not, but if not, wouldn't it be a good idea to start a branch, in connection with your regular business, in which ideal marriages, such as I have in mind for myself, may be consummated? If you can treat well-established married women, and bring them in line, why can't you persuade young and beautiful girls that they can find their soul mates in men of experience like myself, instead of throwing themselves away on incompetent college men? Let me know. In the meantime, mail me at once your "Galaxy of Beauties."  
Yours, etc.,

G— D—

In reply to these communications we would first say that we regret that the "Galaxy of Beauties" is temporarily out of print. The demand has been so great that we are obliged to ask many of our disappointed customers to have a little patience.

Now, with regard to the suggestions made by our correspondents, we say emphatically, No!

We think we know our business.

No side lines for us! Even if we had the additional capital to invest in such an enterprise, the pre-nuptial idea doesn't strike us for a cent. The engagement period is one of delightful illusion. It's a happy dream. Not for us to wake the sleepers before the appointed time. Every man knows what he can do. Our genius lies entirely in the province of married life. We will treat your wife for every malady known, from Christian Science to Curtain Lectures, and, through our able Entertainment Committee, we will guarantee to make you happy while the process is going on. Some day we may start a matrimonial exchange, but we doubt it. We are always, however, glad to oblige an old customer whenever we can, free of charge, and we have mailed to our second patron a photograph of one of the young ladies employed in this office. We've got to get rid of her on account of her spelling and typewriting, and she hasn't voice enough to go into our vaude-

ville; but we have an idea that she may suit our friend, as she is a grand looker, and under nineteen. We want it understood, however, that we are doing this merely for the sake of old times and not because we shall depart in any way from the strict line of our business.

In the meantime we should like to call attention to the line of literature we are issuing from this office in connection with our regular business. We will send a complete catalogue on request. Some of the titles are:

"How a Husband Should Act with a Trained Nurse in the House."

"One Hundred Different Ways of Enjoying Paris without Your Wife."

"What to Do After Three A.M."

"Easy Lessons in Buttoning Up the Back."

"The Treatment of Relatives."

"Our Galaxy of Beauties." (Temporarily out of print.)

"The Sincere Lie."

"What a Husband Should Know, but Ignore."

"The Morning Kiss—One Hundred Varieties, Each Convincing."

"Bargain Day Antidotes."

When any of our customers are in town we should be only too glad to have them drop in on us. We keep open house. Our reading room is always open, and our auto, "Seeing New York," runs every hour of the day and night. We miss nothing that's worth seeing.

But while our customers, prospective or regular, are always welcome, we wish it distinctly understood that we treat only by correspondence.

Any husband who pays our regular fee (which varies according to symptoms) can enjoy the benefits of this Bureau, no matter where he is, and while we are locating him where he belongs we shall be only too glad to place him in charge of our Entertainment Committee.

But we do not treat cases personally.



"A NEW ARRIVAL, YOUR MAJESTY, WHO SAYS HE WAS A BUILDING CONTRACTOR ON EARTH."

"HA! HA! PUT HIM IN ONE OF THE CELLS MARKED 'ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF,' AND LET IT BURN SLOWLY."





LOVE FINDS A WAY

*Furious Father (reading chalked notice):* HAH! "BRIDGE UNSAFE?" THEN THEY WENT STRAIGHT ON, HA-HA! I'LL OVERTAKE THE MISCREANT THAT STOLE MUH DAUGHTAR-R, YET.

Our hearts are too tender for this. We couldn't stand it to hear the stories of wrong and injustice that down-trodden husbands would pour in our sympathetic ears.

We can do better work for you at a distance, brothers, where the personal element doesn't affect our judgments or our hearts.

No matter what your trouble is, communicate with us at once. Confidential. Some time in his life every husband needs us, and he needs us badly. When this hour comes you will always find us on the job, with all of our immense resources at your immediate disposal, at prices within the reach of all.

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU

Suggestions of an American Shopper

**W**HY should not the American manufacturers who clamor shamelessly for protection try a new dodge which would make them independent of all

tariff fluctuations? Why should they not turn a fresh leaf in the history of American industries, and see what would happen should they produce an article too good for easy rivalry? If the manufacturers of American hosiery, instead of marshaling their factory hands to present a beggar's petition, would make a pair of stockings warranted not to dissolve into holes the first time they were worn,

"And like the baseless fabric of a vision, Leave not a wrack behind,"

American women would buy these stockings, in defiance of all the looms in Germany. If the manufacturers of American carpets would make a floor covering able to withstand the gentle pressure of a broom, and not surrender its surface (a mere heap of red or green fuzz) to the embraces of the dust-pan, American housekeepers would buy that carpet in scorn of foreign competition. Perhaps, as the tidal wave of excellence rolled over the land, American glove

manufacturers might learn how to make good gloves, and American printers might achieve the printing of picture postal cards, instead of striving to deny their countrymen these innocent and educational commodities.

It has always been a popular fallacy that we protected our industries for their own sakes—to give them a chance to grow up and be good. If they won't grow up and be good, they are unworthy of a nation which acknowledges itself to be the best and cleverest on earth. A common axiom of statecraft is that only a profoundly stupid people pays a great deal for what it doesn't want; but to pay a great deal for what we know is bad is to prove ourselves, as Mr. Dooley gloomily admits, as great patriots as the geese that saved Rome.

Agnes Repplier.

**M**EN stay at a summer resort till their money runs out; women till their dresses run out.

### The Outlook for Contributors

The cleverest and most original thought of the week may be expressed in one line.—*Life*.

**H**O, weary Ink-Slingers! A respite's at hand,

Here's news that you'll all say is fine;  
No matter how tender your theme, or  
how grand,

It may all be expressed in one line!

A fourteen-line sonnet no more need we  
pen,

Or ballade of measure design;  
We'll never write epics or lyrics again,  
It can all be expressed in one line!

No matter what theme: Suffrage, Na-  
ture or Home;

Or Music or Women or Wine;  
An ode to May's muff, or to Catharine's  
comb—

It can all be expressed in one line!

Then whether we're gay as the bird in  
the tree,

Or whether in dolor we pine;  
How widespread or boundless our feel-  
ing may be,

It can all be expressed in one line!

Yet, stay! Does this meet your ap-  
proval, my friend?

I confess that it doesn't meet mine!  
What sort of a check would the editor  
send,

If this all were expressed in one line?  
*Carolyn Wells.*

### How Kansas Has Got Rich

**A** TOPEKA dispatch says that after the corn crop in Kansas is harvested this year there will be more dollars to the pocket in the State of Kansas than in any other State in the Union. It says, moreover, that only three States—New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts—now outrank Kansas in total assessed valuation of property, and that Massachusetts is the only State in which there is more wealth to each inhabitant than the Kansans have.

We confess that we did not know that Kansas cut up so well. That she is a richer State than Illinois, Ohio, or California—let alone Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri and Texas—really comes to our comprehension with something like a jolt. We had been used to think of Kansas as being virtuous and abstinent, and happy chiefly in that; and now, behold, she has been getting absurdly rich, and has money to throw around—\$163,000,000 in the banks, the paper says, and \$35,000,000 at work outside of the banks!

Well, well; what does Kansas do with so

much dross, raised—the bulk of it—out of the ground by agriculture! We wonder; there are so many things it isn't lawful to buy or do in that abounding State! We observe that the number of Kansans to the square mile is only about 20, as against 350 in Massachusetts, 150 in New York and 140 in Pennsylvania. That implies remoteness of playmates, and every Kansas family must need an automobile, and doubtless has one. Aeroplanes ought to find a good market there, unless the Legislature prohibits flying, as maybe it will, being in conflict with popular sentiment against high times. It is a duty to point out to Kansas that though she is as rich per square man as Massachusetts, Massachusetts is about eighteen times as rich per square mile, and Massachusetts is not a Prohibition State either.

### The Lengthened Life

**W**HAT is the large intestine, anyway? Have we all got one? Is it so located as to come out readily? How much does it cost to get it out? We have learned to recognize the appendix from seeing it in bottles on our friends' mantelpieces, but the large intestine is less familiar. Dr. Distaso, of Paris, says that it is the fatal part of us, where the germs breed that produce old age, and that once rid of it we ought to live a long, long time. Prof. Metchnikoff originated this prejudice against the large intestine, but he was more moderate in his remedies and merely prescribed sour milk.

As between Dr. Distaso's method of living long and Mrs. Eddy's, Mrs. Eddy's seems to have more of the qualities of a popular favorite. Folks are slow to

learn to like the feeling of knives in their bowels, or even the idea of it. But the papers said the other day that Mrs. Eddy was eighty-eight and doing fine.

The most practical way to induce long life hereabouts is to revise the tariff downward and keep at it, discipline the automobiles, teach everybody to swim, abolish railroad accidents, the Fourth of July, the Italian knife habit, the negro razor habit and war, and encourage thrift. Reduce the cost of living, abate overfeeding and excess in drink, minimize accidents and violent deaths, and enough people will live as long as they should without much surgery and without expending more of their mental energy in mere living than it is worth.

The spread of knowledge and of civilization will lengthen life far more than the discovery of specific remedies for old age.

**I**N casually looking over the book advertisements in a current magazine we select the following:

"A tale of mellow charm."

"Mr. —'s humor . . . is the kind that grips."

"We have fairly reveled in this story."

"The subject is an epic one."

"A book to be cherished as something wonderful."

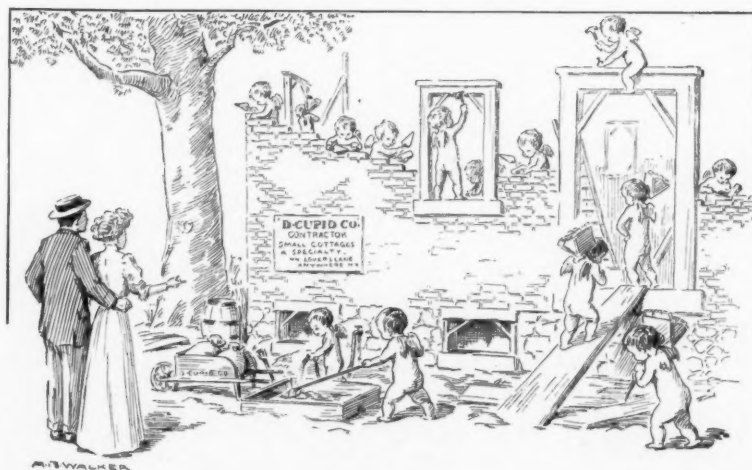
"A charm that takes hold of the reader's interest."

"It is the story of a naked soul."

"This sprightly novel."

"A vivid picture."

And all this, not about one, but about ten different books! Who dares say that our literature is dying out!



"SKILLED LABOR"



"THERE IS A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN WHICH, TAKEN AT THE FLOOD, LEADS ON TO FORTUNE."

### Prosperity Is Coming

**P**ROSPERITY is coming. What does it look like? Once we had a gentle little prosperity all to ourselves. We kept it close for fear that it might get away and be lost. We put it on a trolley and let it run back and forth in the yard for exercise. And when the wolf came up little prosperity barked it away.

But that was only one kind.

There are prosperities and prosperities. Some of them take you unawares, and, before you know it, you are sitting in their lap, being fed ambrosia out of a spoon. Other prosperities are more gradual in their appearance. They let

you know they are coming beforehand, and get you used to the idea.

That is the kind that is coming now. Jimmy Hill and Johnny Gates say so, and they know. Brother Harriman backs them up.

This particular prosperity is going to be large handed and generous, and everybody will get what is coming to them. All the poor will get lucrative jobs. Everybody will be making from ten to a hundred dollars a day and living on the fat of the land. Common laborers will get tired counting money.

It's a great thought. In spite of Aldrich and the tariff, in spite of the financial system (which nobody understands), in spite of butter at fifty cents

a pound and eggs at fifty cents a dozen, in spite of the Third Avenue Railroad being bonded for nearly two millions a mile, in spite of everything, prosperity will soon be along and set everything right.

### Cleared Up

**B**EWILDERMENT was written in the face of the richly gowned lady that hurried into the elderly physician's private office.

"Doctor Swallow," said she, "this morning I received your bill for ten dollars, and I can't understand it. Some time ago I settled our account and have had no occasion to consult you professionally since!"

"Did I not call at your house one day since that?"

"Only as my guest at dinner, doctor! That was four weeks ago."

An apprehensive shade overspread the dignified physician's countenance, as quickly he withdrew his notebook from his pocket and rapidly fingered over the leaves.

"Here it is," said he, stopping at a certain page. "'Dinner at Mrs. Penelope's. Uneventful. Eked out the hour by giving hostess my opinions on the digestibility of mustard pickles, scalloped oysters and plum cake,' and," added the physician, "without thinking I annexed the amount of the bill which you received. Madame, it should have been twenty-five."



**Police Sergeant:** CAN YOU GIVE ME A DESCRIPTION OF THE PERSON WHO RAN OVER YOU?

"OI CAN THAT. HE HAD ON A FUR COAT AN' AN AUTYMOBILE CAP AN' GOGGLES."





### Where He Came In

MINISTER: I made seven hearts happy to-day.

PARISHIONER: "How was that?"

MINISTER: Married three couples.

PARISHIONER: That only makes six.

MINISTER: Well, you don't think I did it for nothing?—*Exchange*.

### A Wide Difference

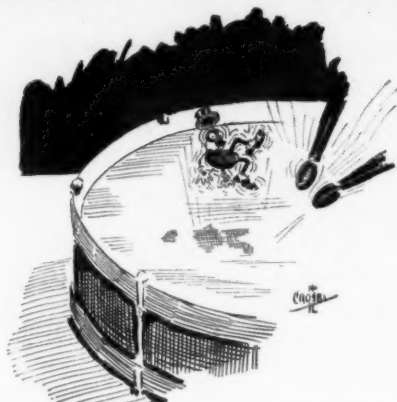
A long-winded, prosy counselor was arguing a technical case recently before Superior Judge Cabaniss. He had drifted along in such a desultory way that it was hard to keep track of what he was trying to present, and the judge had just vented a very suggestive yawn.

"I sincerely trust that I am not trespassing upon the time of this court," said the lawyer, with a suspicion of sarcasm in his voice.

"There is some difference," Cabaniss quietly observed, "between trespassing on time and encroaching on eternity."—*The Wasp*.

### Discriminating Boston

Boston's careful discrimination in literary matters is revealed by a sign displayed not more than half a mile from the Public Library: "Books and novels sold here."—*Boston Herald*.



"GEE! EVERY TIME THIS DRUM BEATS I DANCE!"

ACTORINE: How's your new show getting on?

SALL OMIE: Had the first undress rehearsal to-day.—*Purple Cow*.

"I HEAR you spent your vacation with friends."

"We were friends during the first week."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

### An Inquisitive Son

A promising youth recently surprised his father by asking:

"Father, do you like mother?"

"Why, yes; of course."

"And she likes you?"

"Of course she does."

"Did she ever say so?"

"Many a time, my son."

"Did she marry you because she loved you?"

"Certainly she did."

The boy scrutinized his parent closely, and after a long pause asked:

"Well, was she as near-sighted then as she is now?"—*Home Topics*.

### After the Show

A well-dressed man, said to be an Englishman, has been arrested in Montmartre, Paris, on a charge of tendering bad half-sovereigns for dinners and entertainments. Which reminds us of the story about the touring company which had been doing very bad business in "the smalls." While the proprietor and sole responsible manager was standing outside the temporary theatre (the Corn Exchange), a very small boy with a very large melon arrived and proposed to barter the fruit for a seat in the gallery. The bargain was duly concluded, and the scene now changes to the interior of the theatre after the performance: "Boy," says the manager severely, "that melon was rotten." "That's all right," returns the youthful critic, "so was yer show."—*London Globe*.

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(Founded 1715)



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FINE OLD  
LIQUEUR  
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GENUINE OLD  
BRANDIES MADE  
FROM WINE

Sole Agents  
G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.  
New York



First aid to the host.  
Fine at meal time  
—all times.

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BEER

The one notable  
achievement in brewing.  
The veritable fulfillment of  
beer character, quality and  
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Always the same  
Good Old Blatz.

Ask for it at club, café or buffet. Insist on "Blatz."

Dealers are invited to correspond direct.

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Write the Val. Blatz Brewing Co., mentioning this paper, for their interesting booklet entitled "A Genial Philosopher."

## AROUND THE WORLD

Will you consider joining a limited party? Exclusively first class and "Everything the Best."

Sailing from New York in November, visiting the Canaries, South Africa, Johannesburg (Gold Mines), Kimberley (Diamond Mines), Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, Tasmania, New Zealand (the earth's wonderland), Australia, the Philippines, China, Japan, and Honolulu.

If interested, very early application recommended.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.

225 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK 306 Washington St., BOSTON  
1005 Chestnut St., PHILADELPHIA

## What's in the Magazines

Fiction, and then some more fiction, that is the magazine pabulum. An occasional toothless essay on the literature of the Middle Ages, or a description of Rome under Nero, does not serve to create a ripple on the sea of fiction and raise the magazines above a dead level of mediocrity.

We sympathize with the average editor in his quandary, successfully dodging antagonisms on the one hand, failing to arouse enthusiasms on the other, and handling a small and moribund circle of readers with kid gloves.

Hence fiction—purposeless, puerperal, pusillanimous fiction. When in doubt, run fiction. That is the motto. Hence, also, the chronic ill-temper of the circulation man, for, be it remembered, that no magazine ever succeeded in radically differentiating itself by its fiction. Stories, after all, are stories. Most of them are good, at least so good that they are not much worse than the good ones. Furthermore, fiction will not bear advertising in advance. The greater the claims, the more the readers are disappointed when they get the goods.

Here and there, perhaps, an editor gazes with retrospective longing upon past successes and tries to grind the grist of the present with the water which has gone down stream, a proverbially impossible proposition. This is noticeable after every magazine spasm. The last was the muck-raking spasm, which has served us well; but now the nation or the editors have become tired of it, or bluffed out of it, or reasoned out of it, and so they have fallen back on the "best writer of current fiction the century has produced," and, sadder yet, in some cases more than one magazine have fallen back on the same writer.

Nowhere, comb the sanctums as you will, does there seem to be a chap who is sufficiently young to be vigorous, sufficiently new at the game to be free from the fiction tradition, sufficiently poor to be willing to take chances, sufficiently original to forget that other magazines have ever been published, sufficiently near to the hearts of the people to know what they want, and sufficiently intelligent to go ahead and give it to them. With bated breath we await such a chap to seize the psychological moment by the forelock and lead it into the corral.

The same things the muck-raker talked about are still the matter, but now we know so much about them that we do not care either to thresh over old straw or pile Ossa upon Pelion of dreary detail.

We want to get out. Plenty of remedies are offered, but the opportunity still remains for some enterprising chap with the aggressiveness of a Moses and the fearlessness of an Arnold von Winkelreid to formulate one or more of those remedies so that, while we are running errands for the trusts, we may read and understand.

It is a new deal.

Ready! On your mark! Go!

P. C.

# An Advertiser Should Never Tie Himself Up

We say to you all—to our clients and others—it is wrong to be blindly contented.

It is wrong to tie yourself up—to bind yourself by a time contract with any advertising agent.

It is wrong because it kills incentive. It lessens endeavor.

The advertiser who gets the utmost attention is the man who is never caught.

Our rule henceforth is—no contracts with clients.

We seek advertising on the plea that we make it pay better than others. And we expect to keep it only so long as we do that.

If any agency can make any campaign pay better than we, that advertising belongs elsewhere.

By the same rule, if we can make your advertising pay better than others, your account belongs to us.

But how can you know?

That is what we want to tell you. To start with, the probabilities are nearly all on our side.

We have far outgrown all rival agencies, solely through results brought to clients.

We handle hundreds of accounts which are bound to us solely by the fact that we outsell all others.

We pay our Copy Chief \$1,000 per week, because no other man has yet proved the power to sell so many goods.

Each of our able men has won his place here by outselling other men.

### Forcing Hospitality's Hand

Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian, was passing the Hotel Astor in New York, one day last winter, with his manager, William Morris. Morris had lavished money on Lauder in the way of entertainment, and Lauder said:

"William, ye ha' been gude t' me, so ye have. Come in, now, an' I'll treat ye."

Morris grabbed at the opportunity. Although he was paying Lauder three thousand dollars a week it was the first time Lauder had come

Each man, to hold his place, is constantly compelled to get better results than can any outsider.

These men work together—work in Advisory Boards—so that every campaign gets some help from them all.

All these facts indicate that, in all probability, we can get the best results.

But there are ways to show, in your particular case, our results as compared with others.

It can be done without any commitment on your part—without disturbing your present relations.

It can be done in a way which will settle the matter beyond any possible question.

The result may be—and will probably be—to multiply the results of your advertising.

It may show you how to get, for the same commission, immeasurably better agency service than you are getting now.

The proof may be worth thousands of dollars to you. It has been worth millions to some.

If you think that worth while, please write us a letter simply saying, "State the way."

## LORD & THOMAS

Newspaper, Magazine and Outdoor ADVERTISING

Second National Bank Building  
Fifth Ave. and Twenty-eighth St., New York  
Trude Bldg., 67 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Address either office. They are equally equipped.

up above the surface. They went in. There were three or four friends of Morris' there and they came over to be introduced to Lauder, who was nervous during the introductions.

After everybody had been presented, Lauder drew Morris aside. "William," he said, "I said I would treat ye, but I didna' say I'd treat all your friends. You wull ha' to pay for it, William."

And that was what William did.—Saturday Evening Post.

D. BROKE, '12: Send a dozen roses to this address.

SALESMAN: Yes, sir.

D. B.: Will you trust me?

S.: Certainly.

D. B.: Then make it two dozen.—Lampoon.

# ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. Aids digestion. A pleasing aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A delightful tonic and invigorator. At wine merchants' and druggists'. Important to see that it is Abbott's.



# Liqueur PÈRES CHARTREUX

— GREEN AND YELLOW —

Divine Nectareous Juice  
Most Fitting Finale to the Festive Feast

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,  
Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### At the Barber's

"You are very bald, sir," said the Barber to little Binks, as the latter took up his position in the chair.

"What's that you say?" asked Binks pleasantly.

"I say you are very bald, sir," repeated the Barber.

"Who is?" asked Binks.

"You, sir," said the Barber.

"What paper did you see that in?" demanded Binks.

"What what, sir?" asked the Barber.

"What newspaper?" repeated Binks. "I read the *Sun*, *Times*, *Herald*, and *World*, but I didn't see any reference to this. Was it in one of the early editions of the evening papers?"

"Was what, sir?" queried the puzzled Barber.

"This thing you were just telling me," said Binks.

"Why, I don't remember telling you—" began the Barber.

"About my being bald, you know," said Binks. "You said I was very bald, didn't you?"

"Yes," said the Barber; "but I didn't mention the newspapers, sir. Why should it be in the newspapers, sir?"

"Why, because it's news, isn't it?" said Binks.

"I shouldn't say that, sir," said the Barber.

"Well, if it isn't news, what in thunder did you tell me about it for?" demanded Binks.

"I supposed you had read about it in one of the papers, and had reached the conclusion that I didn't know it. If you find a mole under my left ear while shaving me, break it to me gently please, and you may omit all mention of the fact that my beard is getting gray. I am trying to stave off a realization of the—"

But just then the Barber accidentally ran his lather brush over Bink's mouth and the conversation temporarily ceased.—*Lippincott's*.

### With the Personally Conducted

"On your left, ladies and gentlemen, rises the majestic front of Westminster Abbey, where we find the inspiring shrine of Edward the Confessor, together with memorials of artists, writers and statesmen. You may gaze in silent awe for forty-five seconds, at the expiration of which time we will take the bus for the Tower."—*Puck*.

"Pa, what do they call a person that reads heads?"

"A phrenologist, my boy."

"Gee! Then ma must be one of those things. She felt of my head this afternoon and said right away: 'You've been swimming.'"—*Detroit Free Press*.

### The Hard Part

It's hard to live within one's salary, but there's one consolation—it's harder to live without it.—*Herald and Presbyterian*.

"TALK," said Uncle Eben, "is sumpin' like rain. A certain amount is welcome an' necessary. But doggone a deluge!"—*Washington Star*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

HE (just rejected): I shall never marry now.

SHE: Foolish man! Why not?

HE: If you won't have me, who will?—*Boston Transcript*.

STREET-CAR DRIVER: Me and that off horse has been working for the company for twelve years now.

PASSENGER: That so? The company must think a great deal of you both.

STREET-CAR DRIVER: Wall, I dunno; last week the two of us was taken sick and they got a doctor for the horse and docked me. Gid-up there now, Betsey!—*New York Tribune*.



## JOHN JAMESON WHISKEY

For Sale Everywhere.  
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.,  
Sole Agents New York.

## By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

"Ripping" is the word that was made to describe this new novel of Mr. Forman's—by all odds his best.

This is just the time of year to read it, too.

It is a bit of a detective story with a chivalric love interest that is all heart

and no problem. The scene

is the Paris of to-day—

and Mr. Forman

knows his

Paris.

An impressionable Frenchman falls in love with a cool-headed American girl, whose young brother, after a quarrel, disappeared. The hero takes upon himself the task of finding the lad. There are eight pictures such as only Hatherell R.I. makes.

## HARPER & BROTHERS



### DOMESTIC ECONOMY

Thinking it was butter-scotch,  
Dickie swallowed mother's watch,  
Also all his father's rings  
And a lot of studs and things;  
Father, not a whit dismay'd,  
Went and had the child assay'd.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER  
"Its purity has made it famous"





## The Comforter

(From Billy White to Amy Brown.)

My dear mis Broun:

This is to lett you no Ime wel ann liven yett. Ive bin in bed fore kwite a spel with koller morbis but Ime wel ann strong agen but I cant eet raw turnups yett or things thatts swete.

I wunderd if youd like to see a gaim of good basebawl with me. I thott lde rite ann lett you no thatt if you think youd like to go I no a notthole witch is knone to nobuddy but me aloan. Itts nice ann bigg ann is jussst hi enuf to fit a ladyes eye ann rite near itt thare is a tree to furnish shaid fore you ann me.

Iff you will meat me in the skware at friday noon I will be thare ann we will gett thare furst fore feer somebuddy mite be looken near ann find the notthole witch would be an offle loss fore you ann me.

(From Amy Brown to Billy White.)

Deer Misstur Wite:

I have your noat ann I am gladd that you have roat. It was an offle shock too no that youve had koller morbis so. But boys are apptoo be that way in mellum time Ive hurd fokes say.

I will be verry gladd to go ann see the gaim. You say you no a notthole witch is nott too hi fore me look throo. I will try to meet you promptly in the skware ann hoap that I will find you thare.

If I was you I wood not get peenutts or gum or candy yett. Thay mite not do much harm to me but you mite ete sum, dont you see, ann iff you ett too mutch purhapps you mite be sick with the relapps.

(From Billy White to Amy Brown.)

My dear mis Broun:

The koller spel is awl gone now but O to tel the trooth my hart is ful of pane and I will never smile agane. I thott purhapps lde run away becaws I thott I kood not stay to face you when you had to no the crewel trooth—it paned me so.

Lass nite I went to the bawl ground ann wenn I lookt for it I fownd sumbuddy had bin thare inside and naled my notthole shutt. I tride to push it off but it was tite ann I was miserable awl nite ann kood not bare to think of dawn witch comes to find the notthole gone.

O deer I begg you will not be so madd you will not speke to me fore wenn I rote you furst I sware I thott the notthole wood be thare. It was a turrible surprise. Please

rite ann say wott you advise. I was so shockt I hardly noo wott I wood otto say or do.

(From Amy Brown to Billy White.)

Deer Misstur Wite:

Your noat reseved abowt the notthole. Don't be greeved or do sum dessprut thing becaws the notthole is not ware it was. I no you are in turble pane but life wil soon be bright agane.

Thare is a Mary Gorownd neer our house. If you wood meat me heer on friday afternoon we cood go watch them ride ann may-bee wood forgett about the bawl gaim witch is onley fore the verry ritch.

We cood not ride of corse but we can stand around the roaps ann see the sharryutts ann burds with wings ann poneys ann the other things ann maybee wenn he saw us thare the man wood pittu us ann spare a ride fore us ann we wood heer the sweetust musick in our eer and in sum cool ann shadey spott the nailed up notthole be forgot!—*The N. Y. Times.*

## A Social Distinction

PAT: An' phwat the devil is a chafin' dish?  
MIKE: Whist! Ut's a fryin' pan that's got into society.—*Boston Transcript.*

## Imitating Father

The other day I took my young nephew to the barber for the first time. I hated to see the soft little curls cut off, but his mother decided they must go. As the barber tied the towel under his baby chin, he remarked, "How do you want your hair cut, young man?"

"Wif a little round hole in the top, like my faver's."—*The Delineator.*

TEACHER: What is an ocean? JOHNNY: A body of water necessitating battleships.—*New York Sun.*



FOR SALE.—Island on the Maine Coast between Rockland and Mt. Desert. Three miles from Deer Isle Village; Eighteen miles Easterly from Rockland; Eight miles South of Castine. The Steamers from Rockland for Castine and Bar Harbor pass directly by it daily. Three hundred acres with a diversified surface. Four miles of shore front. Rocky promontories giving commanding views, Sandy Beaches, Beautiful Bays, Harbors, and heavily wooded points. An exceptionally attractive and desirable Island for a Gentleman's Summer Home, Bungalow Colony, Hotel or Club. Price, \$18,000. Easy Terms. FREDERICK HUSSEY, 150 W. 85th St., N. Y. City.

## A Bright Boy

"Now, Tommie," said the teacher, "you may give me an example of a coincidence."

"Why, er," said Tommy, with some hesitation—"why, er, why—me fadder and me mudder was both married on de same day."—*Harper's Weekly.*

TOMMY: Pop, what is the difference between vision and sight?

TOMMY'S POP: Well, my son, you can flatter a girl by calling her a vision, but don't call her a sight.—*Philadelphia Record.*

## A Bottled Delight Club Cocktails

Ever wanted a cocktail, and found that gin, vermouth or whiskey had run out? This never happens with CLUB COCKTAILS in the house.

Keep a bottle on hand and have the best cocktail in the world always ready for serving.



Martini (gin base) Manhattan (whiskey base) are always popular.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

Hartford New York London



"COLLEGE MAN?"

"SURE!"

"WHAT SCHOOL?"

"OXFORD!"

"Isn't it a shame to keep those poor lions caged?"

"Lady," answered the keeper at the zoo, "they're much happier and safer there than they would be roaming the African jungles."—*Washington Star.*



## Act Promptly and Avoid Suffering From Hayfever

The Nasal Filter prevents you from breathing any pollen or dust, the causes of Hayfever. Made of Sterling silver, fitted with fine mesh cloth, changeable at will. Order a Nasal Filter at once and save suffering all the season.

PRICE \$2.00

UNIVERSAL SUPPLY COMPANY, 4th Floor, Globe Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Write for booklet.

**Thread & Thrum Rugs**

YOUR own individual rug, different from all other rugs, and in a high class wool fabric adapted to your own decorations. If the rugs in stock colors do not suit your requirements we will make one that will, either plain, self-tone or contrast. All sizes up to twelve feet wide, any length. Seamless, wool wett, reversible, heavy and durable. Sold by best shops or write for color line and price list to ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & Co., NEW YORK.

THREAD & THRUM WORKSHOP, ALBANY, N. Y.



**Hollow! Hollow!**

I stood beneath a hollow tree—  
The blast, it hollow blew—  
I thought upon the hollow world  
And all its hollow crew;  
Ambition and its hollow schemes,  
The hollow hopes we follow,  
Imagination's hollow dreams;  
All hollow, hollow, hollow!

A crown it is a hollow thing,  
And hollow heads oft wear it;  
The hollow title of a King,  
What hollow hearts oft bear it!  
No hollow wiles, or honeyed smiles,  
Of ladies fair, I follow;  
For beauty sweet still hides deceit,  
'Tis hollow, hollow, hollow!

The hollow Tory but betrays  
The hollow dupes who heed him;  
The hollow critic vents his praise  
To hollow fools who feed him;  
The hollow friend who takes your hand  
Is but a summer swallow;  
Whate'er I see is like this tree,  
All hollow, hollow, hollow!

—Signed "English Paper," and copied from the *National Intelligencer* of the 10th of March, 1841, by *Kendall's Expositor*, March 17, 1841.

**A Letter from Washington**

There was a levee at Senator What's-his-name's, and I thought I'd jine in the festivities for a spell. Who should I see but she that was Sarah Watkins, now the wife of our Congressman, trippin' in the dance, dressed up to kill in her store close. Sarah's father used to keep a little grocery store in our town, and she used to clerk it for him in busy times. I was rushin' up to shake hands with her when she turned on her heel, and tossin' her hed in a contemptuous manner, walked away from me very rapid. "Hallo, Sal," I hollered, "can't you measure me a quart of them best melasses? I may want a codfish, also!" I guess this reminded her of the little red store, and "the days of her happy childhood."

But I fell in with a nice little gal after that, who was much sweeter than Sally's father's melasses, and I axed her if we shouldn't glide in the messy dance. She sed we should, and we glode.

I intended to make this letter very seris, but a few goaks may have accidentally crept in. Never mind. Besides, I think it improves a komick paper to publish a goak once in a while.

Yours Muchly,  
WARD (ARTEMUS.)

—From "Interview with the Prince Napoleon," in "Artemus Ward: His Book," by Charles Farrar Browne.

**Why They Grinned**

Mrs. Grant was undoubtedly the disciplinarian in the family, and Mr. Grant, who was

a very busy lawyer, was regarded by the two children as one of themselves, subject to the laws of "Mother." But one day Mrs. Grant became very ill, and at luncheon Mr. Grant, who felt that the children were already showing signs of "running wild," felt obliged to reprimand them.

"Gladys," he said, "stop that immediately or I shall have to take you from the table and spank you."

Instead of making the impression he had fondly hoped to do, he saw the two little imps glance in a surprised manner at each other and then simultaneously a grin broke over the faces

BRIARCLIFF MANOR, N. Y.  
**BRIARCLIFF LODGE**

**A Resort Hotel of High Quality**

Open from May 1st to December 1st with superior accommodations for three hundred guests. Apartments decorated and furnished under exclusive orders for lease engagement.

**DAVID B. PLUMER, Manager**

Represented at 5½ East 46th St., New York. Phone 3278-38th.

of both culprits, and Gladys said in a voice of derisive glee:

"Oh, George, hear father trying to talk like mother!"—Lippincott's.

# THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S

own and exclusive account of his

## African Trip

begins in the **October** Number of

# Scribner's Magazine

The start of the famous expedition—the wonderful railway journey through a country that was like a "great zoological garden," his meeting with Selous, the famous hunter of big game, descriptions of the black tribesmen of his caravan, his outfit, guns, tents, etc., etc. Most interesting observations upon the effects of the English, German, and other white settlements. The illustrations from photographs by Kermit Roosevelt and others.

**These articles will run a year, and subscriptions should be sent at once to secure the full narrative.**

Any person who can secure subscriptions can make money on Scribner's this year. Liberal cash commissions and cash prizes. Write NOW for particulars.

\$3.00 a year. 25 cents a number

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

**The Best Bitter Liqueur**



**Underberg**  
The World's Best  
**Bitters**

**Makes every meal  
a treat, even to the  
dyspeptic. Tones  
up the system.**

*Sold Everywhere.*

**LUYTIES BROTHERS**  
U. S. Agents New York

### A Sydney War Song

Sing a song o' Hemptire  
Mother's took a fit,  
Nasty Germany buildin' ships,  
An' never mentioned it.  
Buildin' beastly warships,  
Quite a tidy few;  
Mother's got on awful start;  
Baby's got it too.

The King was in the Customs House,  
But couldn't find a penny;  
The Lords were at their country seats  
And didn't offer any;  
A millyun paupers mooned about  
With nothin' much to eat,  
When down comes Australyer  
With a Dreadnaught for the fleet.

Sing a song o' Warships,  
'Orrid ole Bulow,  
Layin' down 'is Dreadnaughts  
An' didn't let us know—  
Didn't advertise it,  
Till the Cablegram  
Spread the awful tidings  
An' the Hemptire shouted, "Damn!"

Sing a song o' Hemptire  
Mother's up a tree;  
But the Melbourne Stock Exchange  
'As swore to set 'er free.  
Does the German caiff  
Build upon the sly?  
Then seventeen suburban may'rs  
Will know the reason why!

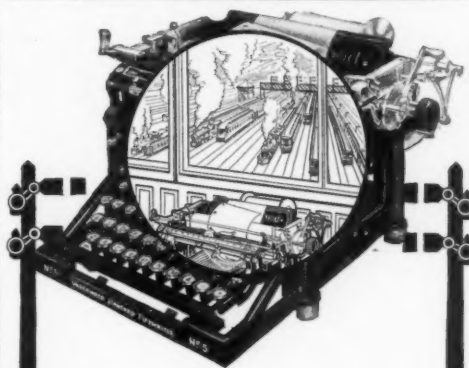
Seventeen suburban may'rs  
Of the Building Breed,  
Fly to succor Hingland  
In her hour of need.  
What of "Constant Reader?"  
"Pro Bono Publico?"  
Will "Subscriber" see old Hingland  
Flabbergasted? No!!

A reely, trooly battleship,  
With guns an' things galore,  
And splendid sails of calico  
From MacMillan's store—  
The Stock Exchange will float it  
On a sea of gush.  
Wot's two millyun quid to us?  
We don't care a rush!

(But—whisper—little mother,  
If, later on, some day,  
We want ter sorter float a loan,  
• To 'elp us on our way—  
Borrer of it back, like—  
After wot 'as passed,  
Don't you go an' crool our pitch,  
Like you did the last.)

Sing a song o' Britain's fleet  
(Ow the Tories raged!)  
That's goin' to guard Australyer  
(If not otherwise engaged).  
Sing of 'Umpy Dumpty—  
'Im that 'ad the fall.  
Rob Australian Peter  
To pay old Hinglish Paul.

Sing o' topsy-turvey;  
Sing of inside-out,  
Of back-to-front and upside-down  
An' t'other way about.  
Spend ten bloomin' millyun,  
Buy yer ships galore,  
An' send them all to Hingland  
To guard Australyer's shore.



## The Best Car Record Machine

is the Underwood—in  
fact, it is the only machine  
that exactly meets the pe-  
culiar needs of every phase  
of railroad work. The

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Sing a song o' Hemptire!  
We've got ter guard "the heart."  
If it gets a limb lopped off,  
That ain't a vital part.  
Learn ter think Imperially;  
Shriek with courage grim;  
Fer "the heart" must be protected—  
Tho' it's tough if we're the limb.

—The Sydney Bulletin.

A TEACHER was telling a class at school last  
Sunday about the Deluge, remarking:

"And then it rained for forty days and forty  
nights."

Then a little boy asked: "Were the farmers  
satisfied then, miss?" —Tit-Bits.



"YOU WEREN'T SATISFIED WITH YOUR FIRST  
HAUL, WERE YOU? YOU HAD TO COME BACK FOR  
MORE."

"YOU GOT ME RIGHT, BOSS. NOW, BE A GOOD  
FELLER, JUST GIMME FIFTEEN MINUTES AN' I'LL  
FETCH BACK DE STUFF I STOLE BEFORE—I WILL—  
I GIVE YOU ME WORD OF HONOR."



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### He Went to Sleep, But—

Recently a friend who had heard that I sometimes suffer from insomnia told me of a sure cure. "Eat a pint of peanuts and drink two or three glasses of milk before going to bed," said he, "and I'll warrant you'll be asleep within half an hour." I did as he suggested, and now, for the benefit of others who may be afflicted with insomnia, I feel it to be my duty to report what happened, so far as I am able to recall the details. (The report is from the *Good Health Clinic*.)

First, let me say my friend was right, I did go to sleep very soon after my retirement. Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him, when the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in midair. While I was considering how I should get down, a bull with two heads peered over the edge of the wall and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig a windlass for him. So as I was sliding down the mountainside the brakeman came in, and I asked him when the train would reach my station.

"We passed your station 400 years ago," he said, calmly folding the train up and slipping it into his vest pocket.

At this juncture the clown bounded into the ring and pulled the centre-pole out of the ground, lifting the tent and all the people in it up, up, while I stood on the earth below watching myself go out of sight among the clouds above. Then I awoke and found that I had been asleep almost ten minutes.—*Argonaut*.

### Taking Care of the Dog

Henry Blossom, the author of Checkers, had a woolly dog he was showing to some friends in front of the Lambs Club in New York.

Outcault, the cartoonist, came along. Blossom exhibited his dog.

"You want to be careful about that dog, Henry," warned Outcault seriously. "I had one and had a lot of trouble with him. You must be careful about washing him. If you are not his eyes will get sore and he will die."

"Gee!" said Blossom, much impressed, "I'll have to have him dry-cleaned."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

THE teacher was describing the dolphin and its habits.

"And, children," she said impressively, "a single dolphin will have two thousand offspring."

"Goodness!" gasped a little girl in the back row. "And how about married ones?"—*Everybody's*.

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WILTON LACKAYE

37

Then up spake deep Wilton Lackaye,  
"There is really no reason why  
The professional wit  
Should invent a new skit  
When 'RAD-BRIDGE' and Life you can buy."

### Easily Distinguished

"This," remarked Mr. Cane, "is my photograph with my two French poodles. You recognize me, eh?"

"I think so," said Miss Softe. "You are the one with the hat on, are you not?"—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

"I UNDERSTAND your husband is something of an after-dinner speaker."

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins, "what Charley is liable to say after dinner is the reason we can't keep a cook."—*Washington Star*.

"How did Tom manage to get so much of his uncle's estate?"

"He married his lawyer's only daughter."—*Boston Globe*.



# Going! Going!! Go—

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